

English Toolkit: Indicator 3.1.3

Goal 3.0 Controlling Language

Expectation 3.1 The student will demonstrate understanding of the nature and structure of language, including grammar concepts and skills, to strengthen control of oral and written language.

Indicator 3.1.3 The student will determine grammatical classification of words by using meaning, position, form, and function.

Assessment Limits:

Using the position and form to determine the function or classification of words and phrases

- subjects and objects: noun, pronoun, gerund, infinitive, appositive, simple, compound
- predicates: verb, verb phrase, simple, compound
- modifiers: adjective (including pronouns used as adjectives), adverb, prepositional phrase, participle, infinitive, article
- conjunctions: coordinating, subordinating, correlative, and conjunctive adverbs

Table of Contents

Indicator 3.1.3 Tools

- Public Release Item #1 - Selected Response (SR) - 2005
- Public Release Item #2 - Selected Response (SR) - 2005
- Public Release Item #3 - Selected Response (SR) - 2006
- Public Release Item #4 - Selected Response (SR) - 2006
- Public Release Item #5 - Selected Response (SR) - 2007
- Public Release Item #6 - Selected Response (SR) - 2007
- Public Release Item #7 - Selected Response (SR) - 2007
- Public Release Item #8 - Selected Response (SR) - 2007
- Sample Assessment Item #2 - Selected Response (SR) - 2003
- Sample Assessment Item #3 - Selected Response (SR) - 2002
- Sample Assessment Item #4 - Selected Response (SR) - 2002
- Sample Assessment Item #5 - Selected Response (SR) - 2003
- Sample Assessment Item #6 - Selected Response (SR) - 2003

Handouts

- English Resource: Mussels in April
- English Resource: Anna and the King
- English Resource: Ghost Crab
- English Resource: Bug, Interrupted
- English Resource: Rough Road Ahead: Do Not Exceed Posted Speed Limit.
- English Resource: Down with the Forests
- English Resource: A Sea Worry
- English Resource: Tina

Scoring

- Answer Key

Public Release #1 - Selected Response Item - Released in 2005

English Indicator 3.1.3

Read this sentence from "In the Country of Grasses."

Its black linear face with spiraling horns creates the illusion of a primitive mask.

What is the subject of the verb *creates*?

- A. face
- B. horns
- C. illusion
- D. mask

Public Release #2 - Selected Response Item - Released in 2005

English Indicator 3.1.3

Handout(s):

- English Resource: Mussels in April

Read the poem "Mussels in April."

In line 7, the phrase "streaked with silver" modifies

- A. Keds
- B. rocks
- C. gulls
- D. treasures

Public Release #3 - Selected Response Item - Released in 2006

English Indicator 3.1.3

Handout(s):

- English Resource: Anna and the King

Read the screenplay *Anna and the King*. Then answer the following:

Read this line from the scene.

Dearest family, I desire you all to be educated in English language, science, and literature.

Which word is used as a modifier in this line?

- A. family
- B. English
- C. language
- D. science

Public Release #4 - Selected Response Item - Released in 2006

English Indicator 3.1.3

Handout(s):

- English Resource: Ghost Crab

Read the essay "Ghost Crab." Then answer the following.

Read this sentence from the essay "Ghost Crab."

Once, exploring the night beach, I surprised a small ghost crab in the searching beam of my torch.

In this sentence, which word is used as a modifier?

- A. night
- B. beach
- C. beam
- D. torch

Public Release #5 - Selected Response Item - Released in 2007

English Indicator 3.1.3

Handout(s):

- English Resource: Bug, Interrupted

Read the essay "Bug, Interrupted." Then answer the following:

Read this sentence from the essay.

Slowly at first, like dancers drifting onto a dance floor, fireflies begin to wink through the tall grass that rings our field.

Which word is the subject of this sentence?

- A. dancers
- B. floor
- C. fireflies
- D. grass

Public Release #6 - Selected Response Item - Released in 2007

English Indicator 3.1.3

Handout(s):

- English Resource: Rough Road Ahead: Do Not Exceed Posted Speed Limit.

Read the essay "Rough Road Ahead: Do Not Exceed Posted Speed Limit." Then answer the following:

Read this sentence from the essay.

About forty miles into the pedal, I arrived at the first "town."

Which word group is NOT used as a modifier in this sentence?

- A. About forty miles
- B. into the pedal
- C. I arrived
- D. at the first "town"

Public Release #7 - Selected Response Item - Released in 2007

English Indicator 3.1.3

Handout(s):

- English Resource: Down with the Forests

Read the essay "Down with the Forests." Then answer the following:

Read this sentence from the essay.

The waitress brought a paper placemat and a paper napkin and took my order, and I paged through the paper.

In this sentence, how are the underlined words used?

- A. both as nouns
- B. both as modifiers
- C. first as a noun, then as a modifier
- D. first as a modifier, then as a noun

Public Release #8 - Selected Response Item - Released in 2007

English Indicator 3.1.3

Handout(s):

- English Resource: A Sea Worry

Read the essay "A Sea Worry." Then answer the following:

Read this sentence from the essay.

When the wave dug into the sand, it formed a brown tube or a golden one.

In this sentence, the pronoun *it* refers to

- A. the wave
- B. the sand
- C. a brown tube
- D. a golden one

Sample Assessment #1 - Selected Response Item - Released in 2003

English Indicator 3.1.3

"Checkouts" is the story of a girl who moves to a new town. To keep from feeling lonely, she offers to do the family's grocery shopping. At the store, she sees a bag boy and believes she has fallen in love with him. Coincidentally, he notices her, too, but both the boy and the girl fail to initiate any meaningful conversation.

Read this sentence from the story.

But it is difficult work, suffering, and in its own way a kind of art, and finally she didn't have the energy for it anymore, so she emerged from the beautiful house and fell in love with a bag boy at the supermarket.

In this sentence, both underlined pronouns (*it*) refer to

- A. work
- B. suffering
- C. art
- D. energy

Sample Assessment #2 - Selected Response Item - Released in 2002

English Indicator 3.1.3

Read the sentence below.

Equipped with all the proper tools, the student constructed impressive scenery for the play.

In this sentence, the word *equipped* modifies

- A. tools
- B. student
- C. scenery
- D. play

Sample Assessment #3 - Selected Response Item - Released in 2002

English Indicator 3.1.3

Handout(s):

- English Resource: Tina

Read this sentence from the story, "Tina."

She talks as if these are medals and I know I can't tell her they aren't medals; a 16-year-old needing attention and love won't listen to a lecture, or even a sentence that contradicts the only things that in her mind are recognizable.

In the sentence above, which of these is not a verb?

- A. talks
- B. know
- C. love
- D. contradicts

Sample Assessment #4 - Selected Response Item - Released in 2003

English Indicator 3.1.3

Read this sentence from the essay, "Starving Pea Pickers."

On the seat beside her was a box full of exposed film, ready to be mailed back to Washington, D.C.

Which word is the subject of this sentence?

- A. seat
- B. her
- C. box
- D. Washington, D.C.

Sample Assessment #5 - Selected Response Item - Released in 2003

English Indicator 3.1.3

Read lines 1 through 4 from the poem, "Dust and Rain."

On Sunday,
winds came,
bringing a red dust
like prairie fire,

Which line is not a modifying phrase?

- A. line 1
- B. line 2
- C. line 3
- D. line 4

Handouts

Mussels in April¹

by Peter Neumeyer

"All months with R,"² my father said

So

—come April, wearing slip-proof Keds

we'd leap the rocks,

start up the squawking gulls,

crouch, wrench, twist the bearded blueblack treasures
streaked with silver.

5

Once home, we'd turn the pail, discard the open,

simmer in seaweed and their own salt tears

those sealed mysteries till they gapped

and through the smallest slit, their golden eyes

would squint.

10

These family moments—cold outings, simmering pots,

scraped fingers, salty steam, the clickclack shells—

these rituals to my children I'll pass on;

and they'll do likewise when I'm gone.

15

¹ Mussels: soft-bodied water animal that is protected by its shell; saltwater mussels live in shallow coastal waters, where they attach themselves to rocks

² "All months with R": a saying that means it is safe to eat shellfish during the cooler months with names containing an "R" (September through April)

"Mussels in April" by Peter Neumeyer, from *Food Fight*, copyright © 1986 by Share Our Strength, Inc. Reprinted with permission of Share Our Strength, Inc

Anna and the King

Introduction

The year is 1862. Anna Leonowens is an English woman living in India whose husband, a captain in the British Army, has recently died. To support herself and her young son Louis, she accepts a position as tutor to the son of the King of Siam. She arrives in Bangkok with Louis and two Indian servants, knowing no one. Although she has been promised a house of her own, she finds that she has been assigned quarters in the palace; she asks to see the king, but the Prime Minister, known as the Kralahome, tells her that she must wait until the king is ready to see her. He addresses Anna as *Sir* because women are not allowed to stand in the king's presence, and Anna refuses to kneel.

The Grand Palace, Bangkok.
Several weeks after Anna's arrival.

The Kralahome escorts Anna and Louis to the Hall of Audience. There, ranged on a deep red carpet is a throng of prostrate¹ noblemen and courtiers facing a raised dais; on it, the imposing figure of Siam's ruler, King Mongkut, sits on a golden throne. Just off the dais stands Alak, his Majesty's highly decorated Consul-General. A French emissary advances to present His Majesty with a jewel-encrusted sword.

LOUIS (*whispering*): Look at the sword!

ANNA: It's a gift from the French. (*King Mongkut delivers a clapped command to the interpreter, who accepts the sword. The entire assemblage begins a series of bows.*)

KRALAHOME: It appears Sir must wait to meet His Majesty another day.

ANNA: I do not think so. (*She takes her son's hand and hurries down the stairs toward the throne as musicians play the king's exit. Kralahome, caught off-guard, hurries to catch up with her. She curtsies deeply as she approaches the king.*) Your Majesty, my name is Anna Leonowens. (*King Mongkut turns, shocked. His bodyguards draw swords, blocking Anna's path.*) I am the schoolteach—

MONGKUT: STOP!!! (*Startled, Anna does just that. King Mongkut strides toward her.*) WHO?!?

KRALAHOME (*prostrating himself*): Your Majesty, Mme² Anna Leonowens and son, Louis.

ANNA: Your Majesty, I have waited nearly three weeks.

MONGKUT: SILENCE! (*He gazes at Anna, intrigued.*) YOU are teacher?

ANNA (*flustered*): Yes, I am.

MONGKUT: You do not look sufficient of age. How many years have you?

ANNA: Enough to know that age and wisdom do not necessarily go hand in hand, Your Majesty. (*King Mongkut nods. Then he abruptly heads off.*)

KRALAHOME: His Majesty has not dismissed you. Follow him! (*Anna and Louis run to keep up with the king.*)

MONGKUT: You articulate logical answer under pressure, Mme Leonowens—

ANNA: That is very kind of—

MONGKUT: —but irritating superior attitude King find most unbeautiful. However, it will serve you well given decision I now make. (*They reach a pair of massive double doors.*)

Along with Prince Chulalongkorn, you shall teach my children. (*Guards push open the doors and the trio step into the gardens of the children's park. Scores of princes and princesses, none older than eleven, play around pools and pavilions. Peacocks stroll the grounds. A gong announces the king's presence. Everyone turns, sees the king, and drops to the ground.*) Attention, my most blessed and royal family, we have company. (*King Mongkut motions Anna and Louis to follow him. He stops before a teenage boy, and nods his head. This is Prince Chulalongkorn, King Mongkut's oldest son.*) Presenting Heir Apparent, Prince Chulalongkorn. And this, my son, is your new teacher.

PRINCE (*astonished*): Why do you punish me with imperialist schoolteacher? (*King Mongkut, understanding his son's distress, turns to the crowd.*)

MONGKUT: Dearest family, I desire you all to be educated in English language, science, and literature. You must never forget to honor your renowned teacher, Mme Anna Leonowens.

ANNA: Your Majesty, the opportunity to begin a school is exciting. Such devotion to progress is to be commended.

MONGKUT: As father, I understand.

ANNA: Then Your Majesty appreciates why having a home outside the palace is of such importance to me.

MONGKUT (*firmly*): It is my pleasure that you live in the palace.

ANNA (*equally firmly*): But it is not mine, Your Majesty.

MONGKUT (*eyes flashing*): You do not set conditions, and you shall OBEY!

ANNA: May I respectfully remind His Majesty that I am not his servant, but his guest.

MONGKUT (*after a tense moment*): A guest who is paid. (*He heads for the gates.*)

ANNA: And what of our house?

MONGKUT (*without turning*): Everything has its own time. (*He is gone. The entire crowd stares at Anna in awe. A woman has just argued with their king.*)

¹ prostrate: lying face down, as in submission
² Mme: abbreviation for Madame

Ghost Crab

by Rachel Carson

The shore at night is a different world, in which the very darkness that hides the distractions of daylight brings into sharper focus the elemental¹ realities. Once, exploring the night beach, I surprised a small ghost crab in the searching beam of my torch. He was lying in a pit he had dug just above the surf, as though watching the sea and waiting. The blackness of the night possessed water, air, and beach. It was the darkness of an older world, before Man. There was no sound but the all-enveloping, primeval² sounds of wind blowing over water and sand, and of waves crashing on the beach. There was no other visible life—just one small crab near the sea. I have seen hundreds of ghost crabs in other settings, but suddenly I was filled with the odd sensation that for the first time I knew the creature in its own world—that I understood, as never before, the essence of its being. In that moment time was suspended; the world to which I belonged did not exist and I might have been an onlooker from outer space. The little crab alone with the sea became a symbol that stood for life itself—for the delicate, destructible, yet incredibly vital force that somehow holds its place amid the harsh realities of the inorganic³ world.

¹ elemental: essential, basic

² primeval: ancient, prehistoric

³ inorganic: not composed of living matter

"Ghost Crab" by Rachel Carson, from *The Edge of the Sea* by Rachel Carson. Copyright © 1955, by Rachel L. Carson, renewed 1983 by Roger Christie. Reprinted by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company. All rights reserved.

Bug, Interrupted

by Jane Meneely

Who was I setting free that night: myself, my daughter, or just the fireflies?

Summer nights on the Eastern Shore, when the sun finally settles below the lip of the land and a misty haze hangs like netting from the tops of the trees, the magic begins. Slowly at first, like dancers drifting onto a dance floor, fireflies begin to wink through the tall grass that rings our field. When I was a kid, this was the signal for me to race through the dark, flailing an open jam jar at the shimmering creatures. I'd try to scoop them all inside my jar so I could carry the magic with me forever. Then came the abrupt call to bed, and I'd punch holes in the jar lid with an ice pick and set the glassy cage on my night table.

I'd settle into my pillow to watch the firefly shadows on my walls. I thought they must be fairies, ready to transform into their true gauzy, winged selves while I slept. If I could stay awake long enough, I'd be able to get a glimpse of them and make a wish. Of course I would let them go in the morning. But morning would come, and I'd have a jar full of dead bugs on my table—little dried husks. I don't know when it dawned on me that I'd been the instrument of their deaths, but I know at some point I stopped chasing fireflies and just sat on my porch and watched them, feeling vaguely guilty about the countless generations I'd snuffed.

Eventually I grew up and came to have a daughter of my own. She too would watch the flickers fill the evening. On the Shore they swarm through the woods at night, great clouds of flashing beacons moving every which way. When Lindsay was big enough, she toddled after them, cupping her hands to catch them and gazing in wonder at the firefly blinking on her palm. And then came the jam jars, and she too would scoop and swipe in the dark, collecting a treasure-trove of flashing delight.

"I must have caught a hundred of them," she said one night, breathless from careening around in the field. Sweat made its way in muddy streaks down her cheeks. Jagged snags of blood seeped from her bare calves where the blackberry brambles had grabbed her. She waved the jar triumphantly, and indeed she had captured a full horde of fireflies. "I'm going to put it next to my bed tonight," she declared. "It will be my night-light."

We washed off the sweat and prickles and she settled into bed. The jam jar stood straight and tall on the night table, its soft beads of light growing, fading, growing, fading. Faint shadows rose and fell on the wall. "It's like stars breathing," she said.

I looked at my daughter, watched her eyelids droop, saw her fingers relax. And I quietly lifted the jar and walked from the room. I couldn't bear to leave the fireflies to die, trapped in the glass castle. I couldn't bear to let Lindsay wake up and find the gentle creatures dead. So I unscrewed the lid and shook them free in the yard. When she woke the next morning and found the jar empty, Lindsay shrugged. "You let them go, didn't you?" she said blithely.¹ I said, "They would have died if I hadn't."

Sooner or later, she found out the hard way that living things left in jars die. Maybe I should have allowed her that pang of guilt that wafts from a jar of lifeless bugs. But why? Surely life's lessons needn't deliberately come at such expense. And perhaps I, the parent, needed . . . oh, who *knows*? All I really know is that the fireflies appreciated my effort that night. For them, it must have been wonderful to tumble back into the night air, to feel the soft wind again, to light up the dance floor one more time.

¹ blithely: cheerfully or lightheartedly

Rough Road Ahead: Do Not Exceed Posted Speed Limit

by Joe Kurmaskie

FORGET THAT OLD SAYING ABOUT NEVER taking candy from strangers. No, a better piece of advice for the solo cyclist would be, "Never accept travel advice from a collection of old-timers who haven't left the confines of their porches since Carter¹ was in office." It's not that a group of old guys doesn't know the terrain. With age comes wisdom and all that, but the world is a fluid place. Things change.

At a reservoir campground outside of Lodi, California, I enjoyed the serenity of an early-summer evening and some lively conversation with these old codgers.² What I shouldn't have done was let them have a peek at my map. Like a foolish youth, the next morning I followed their advice and launched out at first light along a "shortcut" that was to slice away hours from my ride to Yosemite National Park.

They'd sounded so sure of themselves when pointing out landmarks and spouting off towns I would come to along this breezy jaunt.

Things began well enough. I rode into the morning with strong legs and a smile on my face. About forty miles into the pedal, I arrived at the first "town." This place might have been a thriving little spot at one time—say, before the last world war—but on that morning it fit the traditional definition of a ghost town. I chuckled, checked my water supply, and moved on. The sun was beginning to beat down, but I barely noticed it. The cool pines and rushing rivers of Yosemite had my name written all over them.

Twenty miles up the road, I came to a fork of sorts. One ramshackle shed, several rusty pumps, and a corral that couldn't hold in the lamest mule greeted me. This sight was troubling. I had been hitting my water bottles pretty regularly, and I was traveling through the high deserts of California in June.

I got down on my hands and knees, working the handle of the rusted water pump with all my strength. A tarlike substance oozed out, followed by brackish water feeling somewhere in the neighborhood of two hundred degrees. I pumped that handle for several minutes, but the water wouldn't cool down. It didn't matter. When I tried a drop or two, it had the flavor of battery acid.

The old guys had sworn the next town was only eighteen miles down the road. I could make that! I would conserve my water and go inward for an hour or so—a test of my inner spirit.

Not two miles into this next section of the ride, I noticed the terrain changing. Flat road was replaced by short, rolling hills. After I had crested the first few of these, a large highway sign jumped out at me. It read: ROUGH ROAD AHEAD: DO NOT EXCEED POSTED SPEED LIMIT.

The speed limit was 55 mph. I was doing a water-depleting 12 mph. Sometimes life can feel so cruel.

I toiled on. At some point, tumbleweeds crossed my path and a ridiculously large snake—it really did look like a diamondback—blocked the majority of the pavement in front of me. I eased past, trying to keep my balance in my dehydrated state.

The water bottles contained only a few tantalizing sips. Wide rings of dried sweat circled my shirt, and the growing realization that I could drop from heatstroke on a gorgeous day in June simply because I listened to some gentlemen who hadn't been off their porch in decades, caused me to laugh.

It was a sad, hopeless laugh, mind you, but at least I still had the energy to feel sorry for myself. There was no one in sight, not a building, car, or structure of any kind. I began

breaking the ride down into distances I could see on the horizon, telling myself that if I could make it that far, I'd be fine.

Over one long, crippling hill, a building came into view. I wiped the sweat from my eyes to make sure it wasn't a mirage, and tried not to get too excited. With what I believed was my last burst of energy, I maneuvered down the hill.

In an ironic twist that should please all sadists reading this, the building—abandoned years earlier, by the looks of it—had been a Welch's Grape Juice factory and bottling plant. A sandblasted picture of a young boy pouring a refreshing glass of juice into his mouth could still be seen.

I hung my head.

That smoky blues tune "Summertime" rattled around in the dry honeycombs of my deteriorating brain.

I got back on the bike, but not before I gathered up a few pebbles and stuck them in my mouth. I'd read once that sucking on stones helps take your mind off thirst by allowing what spit you have left to circulate. With any luck I'd hit a bump and lodge one in my throat.

It didn't really matter. I was going to die and the birds would pick me clean, leaving only some expensive outdoor gear and a diary with the last entry in praise of old men, their wisdom, and their keen sense of direction. I made a mental note to change that paragraph if it looked like I was going to lose consciousness for the last time.

Somehow, I climbed away from the abandoned factory of juices and dreams, slowly gaining elevation while losing hope. Then, as easily as rounding a bend, my troubles, thirst, and fear were all behind me.

GARY AND WILBER'S FISH CAMP—IF YOU WANT BAIT FOR THE BIG ONES, WE'RE YOUR BEST BET!

"And the only bet," I remember thinking.

As I stumbled into a rather modern bathroom and drank deeply from the sink, I had an overwhelming urge to seek out Gary and Wilber, kiss them, and buy some bait—any bait, even though I didn't own a rod or reel.

An old guy sitting in a chair under some shade nodded in my direction. Cool water dripped from my head as I slumped against the wall beside him.

"Where you headed in such a hurry?"

"Yosemite," I whispered.

"Know the best way to get there?"

I watched him from the corner of my eye for a long moment. He was even older than the group I'd listened to in Lodi.

"Yes, sir! I own a very good map."

And I promised myself right then that I'd always stick to it in the future.

¹ Carter: Jimmy Carter, President of the United States, 1977–1981

² codgers: eccentric men

Down with the Forests

by Charles Kuralt

BALTIMORE MARYLAND. I was waiting for breakfast in a coffee shop the other morning and reading the paper. The paper had sixty-six pages. The waitress brought a paper placemat and a paper napkin and took my order, and I paged through the paper.

The headline said, "House Panel Studies a Bill Allowing Clear-Cutting in U.S. Forests."

I put the paper napkin in my lap, spread the paper out on the paper placemat, and read on: "The House Agriculture Committee," it said, "is looking over legislation that would once again open national forests to the clear-cutting of trees by private companies under government permits."

The waitress brought the coffee. I opened a paper sugar envelope and tore open a little paper cup of cream and went on reading the paper: "The Senate voted without dissent yesterday to allow clear-cutting," the paper said. "Critics have said clear-cutting in the national forests can lead to erosion and destruction of wildlife habitats. Forest Service and industry spokesmen said a flat ban on clear-cutting would bring paralysis to the lumber industry." And to the paper industry, I thought. Clear-cutting a forest is one way to get a lot of paper, and we sure seem to need a lot of paper.

The waitress brought the toast. I looked for the butter. It came on a little paper tray with a covering of paper. I opened a paper package of marmalade and read on: "Senator Jennings Randolph, Democrat of West Virginia, urged his colleagues to take a more restrictive view and permit clear-cutting only under specific guidelines for certain types of forest. But neither he nor anyone else voted against the bill, which was sent to the House on a 90 to 0 vote."

The eggs came, with little paper packages of salt and pepper. I finished breakfast, put the paper under my arm, and left the table with its used and useless paper napkin, paper placemat, paper salt and pepper packages, paper butter and marmalade wrappings, paper sugar envelope, and paper cream holder, and I walked out into the morning wondering how our national forests can ever survive our breakfasts.

"Down with the Forests" from *Dateline America* by Charles Kuralt, copyright © 1979 by Harcourt, Inc., reprinted by permission of the publisher.

A Sea Worry

by Maxine Hong Kingston

THIS SUMMER MY SON body-surfs. He says it's his "job" and rises each morning at 5:30 to catch the bus to Sandy Beach. I hope that by September he will have had enough of the ocean. Tall waves throw surfers against the shallow bottom. Undertows have snatched them away. Sharks prowl Sandy's. Joseph told me that once he got out of the water because he saw an enormous shark. "Did you tell the lifeguard?" I asked. "No." "Why not?" "I didn't want to spoil the surfing." The ocean pulls at the boys, who turn into surfing addicts. At sunset you can see the surfers waiting for the last golden wave.

"Why do you go surfing so often?" I ask my students.

"It feels so good," they say. "Inside the tube, I can't describe it. There are no words for it."

"You can describe it," I scold, and I am very angry. "Everything can be described. Find the words for it, you lazy boy. Why don't you go home and read?" I am afraid that the boys give themselves up to the ocean's mindlessness.

When the waves are up, surfers all over Hawaii don't do their homework. They cut school. They know how the surf is breaking at any moment because every fifteen minutes the reports come over the radio; in fact, one of my former students is the surf reporter.

Some boys leave for mainland colleges, and write their parents heart-rending letters. They beg to come home for Thanksgiving. "If I can just touch the ocean," they write from Missouri and Kansas, "I'll last for the rest of the semester." Some come home for Christmas and don't go back.

Even when the assignment is about something else, the students write about surfing. They try to describe what it is to be inside the wave as it curls over them. Making a tube or "chamber" or "green room" or "pipeline" or "time warp." They write about the silence, the peace, "no hassles," the feeling of being reborn as they shoot out the end. They've written about the perfect wave. Their writing is full of clichés. "The endless summer," they say. "Unreal."

Surfing is like a religion. Among the martyrs are George Helm, Kimo Mitchell, and Eddie Aikau. Helm and Mitchell were lost at sea riding their surfboards from Kaho'olawe, where they had gone to protest the Navy's bombing of that island. Eddie Aikau was a champion surfer and lifeguard. A storm had capsized the *Hokule'a*, the ship that traced the route that the Polynesian ancestors sailed from Tahiti, and Eddie Aikau had set out on his board to get help.

Since the ocean captivates our son, we decided to go with him to Sandy's.

¹⁰ We got up before dawn, picked up his friend, Marty, and drove out of Honolulu. Almost all the traffic was going in the opposite direction, the freeway coned to make more lanes into the city. We came to a place where raw mountains rose on our left and the sea fell on our right, smashing against the cliffs. The strip of cliff pulverized into sand is Sandy's. "Dangerous Current Exist," said the ungrammatical sign.

Earl and I sat on the shore with our blankets and thermos of coffee. Joseph and Marty put on their fins and stood at the edge of the sea for a moment, touching the water with their fingers and crossing their hearts before going in. There were fifteen boys out there, all about the same age, fourteen to twenty, all with the same kind of lean v-shaped build, most of them with black hair that made their wet heads look like sea lions. It was hard to tell whether our kid was one of those who popped up after a big wave. A few had surfboards, which are against the rules at a body-surfing beach, but the lifeguard wasn't on duty that day.

As they watched for the next wave the boys turned toward the ocean. They gazed slightly upward; I thought of altar boys before a great god. When a good wave arrived, they turned, faced shore, and came shooting in, some taking the wave to the right and some to the left, their bodies fish-like, one arm out in front, the hand and fingers pointed before them, like a swordfish's beak. A few held credit card trays, and some slid in on trays from McDonald's.

"That is no country for middle-aged women," I said. We had on bathing suits underneath our clothes in case we felt moved to participate. There were no older men either.

Even from the shore, we could see inside the tubes. Sometimes, when they came at an angle, we saw into them a long way. When the wave dug into the sand, it formed a brown tube or a golden one. The magic ones, though, were made out of just water, green and turquoise rooms, translucent walls and ceiling. I saw one that was powder-blue, perfect, thin; the sun filled it with sky blue and white light. The best thing, the kids say, is when you are in the middle of the tube, and there is water all around you but you're dry.

The waves came in sets; the boys passed up the smaller ones. Inside a big one, you could see their bodies hanging upright, knees bent, duckfeet fins paddling, bodies dangling there in the wave.

Once in a while, we heard a boy yell, "Aa-whoo!" "Poon tah!" "Aaroo!" And then we noticed how rare a human voice was here; the surfers did not talk, but silently, silently rode the waves.

Since Joseph and Marty were considerate of us, they stopped after two hours, and we took them out for breakfast. We kept asking them how it felt, so they would not lose language.

"Like a stairwell in an apartment building," said Joseph, which I liked immensely. He hasn't been in very many apartment buildings, so had to reach a bit to get the simile. "I saw somebody I knew coming toward me in the tube, and I shouted, 'Jeff. Hey Jeff,' and my voice echoed like a stairwell in an apartment building. Jeff and I came straight at each other—mirror tube."

"Are there ever girls out there?" EarlI asked. "There's a few who come out at about eleven," said Marty.

"How old are they?"

"About twenty."

"Why do you cross your heart with water?"

"So the ocean doesn't kill us."

I describe the powder-blue tube I had seen.

"That part of Sandy's is called Chambers," they said.

I am relieved that the surfers keep asking one another for descriptions. I also find some comfort in the stream of commuter traffic, cars filled with men over twenty, passing Sandy Beach on their way to work.

Excerpt from "A Sea Worry" by Maxine Hong Kingston, copyright © 1978 by Maxine Hong Kingston. Used by permission of the author.

Tina

by Laurie Stapleton

Insolently,¹ she sits in the right front corner closest to my desk. In the rest of the classroom, heads are down and pens are moving, but she rests her head on her left hand. The gum she was trying to conceal is now in full view between lips glazed in red lipstick, below eyes camouflaged in dark eyeliner and shadow.

She is writing a letter.

If it had been anyone else I might have picked up the letter and jokingly said, "Hmm, 'Dear Lisa'... Well, Student, I'm sure you're brainstorming about the party Saturday night, and I'm sure chewing gum helps to exercise your brain muscles, but we're brainstorming on solutions to classism right now!" The students would have laughed, including the student in question, and she would have returned to the task.

"Tina," I say quietly, "put the letter away, do the assignment, and get rid of the gum."

She stomps to the trash can, spits out the gum and stomps back before loudly taking out a piece of paper.

I remind myself not to take it personally.

The sophomore year is known as the tumultuous year, the year students can make or break the rest of their high school careers. Tina is high-risk in a class of at-risk students. Knowing an authoritarian tone will not work against her rebellious attitude, I try joking, talking, listening. But eventually the atmosphere in the classroom is threatened with her defiance and disruption, and early in the second semester she is placed on a behavior contract.

By the time I make it through the rows a second time she is again writing a letter. I take the letter, bend down and say, "Do the assignment."

"Okaaaay!" she gripes.

"Let me remind you you're on a behavior contract, Tina!"

"So kick me out! That's what you're going to do anyway!"

"Okay, I will." She storms to the assistant principal's office, and I complete the paperwork by lunch.

At night I contemplate the incident, painfully. I have expelled only one student from class in my career, a boy who one day in his growing sense of self told me to "step outside" and I told him to step into the principal's office. He threw his personal essay on "Cruisin" in the trash—the first essay he'd ever written—and I retrieved it and placed it in his portfolio. Within a month he was telling me he wished he was back in my class. Sometimes he stopped by my house to talk of his personal problems. We became friends.

I wonder if I've made a mistake, if I've just taken things too personally with Tina, and I tell the assistant principal my feelings the next morning.

"That's what makes you a good teacher—to care that much, and to ask yourself the tough questions. But Laurie, you've gone round and round with Tina. That's not good for you, or for Tina, or the other students."

Although I am ill at ease, I know he is right. I walk toward my classroom and Tina is sitting on the bench where she likes to hang out. We say hello to each other respectfully, and within a month our interpersonal dynamics resume; in fact, she begins to confide in me. She often brags of trouble she's caused, classes she's flunking, and another class she was expelled from. She talks as if these are medals and I know I can't tell her they aren't

medals; a 16-year-old needing attention and love won't listen to a lecture, or even a sentence that contradicts the only things that in her mind are recognizable.

I know. I've been there.

But I can't tell her. Not yet.

All I can do is say, "Tina, Tina, Tina, all that wisdom inside of you...", and she beams with a smile.

As the Creative Writing Club advisor, I invite Tina to bring her poems, all concerning gang issues, to our weekly meetings. She doesn't speak for several meetings. She sits quietly, chewing her gum with her mouth closed, looking at me occasionally and at other students.

Today she has brought a poem depicting the death of a boy from a drive-by shooting. An "honors" senior says, "Take my advice: don't write about negative stuff." As he looks at me like he's said something deeply intelligent, I realize I have two students' esteem to save, but I have learned that truth is most important of all and ultimately solidifies real self-esteem.

"Gang issues are important themes, especially with the more extensive role they're playing in today's society," I say. After class, I tell the senior it's normal to question the content of someone's creativity, but it's better to focus on style, structure, and clarity.

When he is gone I tell Tina the senior had good intentions, but in this case was incorrect. I explain to her that she should write about whatever is in her heart, and her heart is clearly on the right path; some of her poems are very good, and they are all important.

But Tina has one more surprise for me.

"I didn't pay any attention to him," she says with a sly smile.

"All that wisdom!" I exclaim, and I am filled with the realization that Tina's strength already exists and is developing.

When I left the area and returned to my hometown, Santa Cruz, I taught a novel to seventh-graders that discussed gang issues. Tina wrote and called me several times, and once asked me to use her poems in class, which I did. Students read them eagerly, and used them as models for their own poems.

She is a junior now, enthusiastic about her church youth group, her new teachers, and her poems. In her last letter she asked me if I felt I'd made the right decision in expelling her from my class. I replied I wasn't sure, and told her a bit of my own rebellious past. I told her what I was sure about was that she possessed a wonderful heart, and had an important message for the world, beginning with my seventh-graders.

¹ insolently: in a rude, arrogant, or disrespectful manner

"Tina"

by Laurie Stapleton, copyright © 1997 by Laurie Stapleton, from *An Intricate Weave: Women Write About Girls and Girlhood*, edited by Marlene Miller. Used by permission of Laurie Stapleton.

English Indicator 3.1.3

Answer Key

Public Release Item #1 - Selected Response (SR) - 2005
A. face

Public Release Item #2 - Selected Response (SR) - 2005
D. treasures

Public Release Item #3 - Selected Response (SR) - 2006
B. English

Public Release Item #4 - Selected Response (SR) - 2006
A. night

Public Release Item #5 - Selected Response (SR) - 2007
C. fireflies

Public Release Item #6 - Selected Response (SR) - 2007
C. I arrived

Public Release Item #7 - Selected Response (SR) - 2007
D. first as a modifier, then as a noun

Public Release Item #8 - Selected Response (SR) - 2007
A. the wave

Sample Assessment Item #2 - Selected Response (SR) - 2003
B. suffering

Sample Assessment Item #3 - Selected Response (SR) - 2002
B. student

Sample Assessment Item #4 - Selected Response (SR) - 2002
C. love

Sample Assessment Item #5 - Selected Response (SR) - 2003
C. box

Sample Assessment Item #6 - Selected Response (SR) - 2003
B. line 2